

Attendant

The captive, Kemankar,
is at the
door,

King

Bring him in. Here comes
he, with
his eyes fixed, his proud
head held
high, a brooding shadow on
his fore-
head, like a thunder-cloud
motionless
in a suspended storm.

Malini

The iron chain is shamed of
itself
upon those limbs. The insult
to
greatness is its own insult.
He looks
like a god defying his
captivity.

*(Enters KEMANKAR in
chains.)*

King

What punishment do you
expect
from my hands ?

Kemankar

Death